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"Not I," said the grouse.
 "Then I'll carry it myself,"
 Said the little red hen.

"Who'll bring home the flour?"
 "Not I," said the mouse,
 "Not I," said the grouse.
 "Then I'll do it myself,"
 Said the little red hen.

"Who'll make the cake?"
 "Not I," said the mouse,
 "Not I," said the grouse.
 "Then I'll make it myself,"
 Said the little red hen.

"Who'll bake the cake?"
 "Not I," said the mouse,
 "Not I," said the grouse.
 "Then I'll do it myself,"
 Said the little red hen.

"Who'll eat the cake,"
 "I will," said the mouse,
 "I will," said the grouse.
 "I will eat it myself,"
 Said the little red hen.

A GAME OF CHILDREN IN PHILADELPHIA. — The following rhyme is still danced by girls in the streets of Philadelphia: —

Water, water, wild-flowers,
 Floating up so high;
 We are all young ladies,
 And we're sure to die,
 Except — — — :
 She is a fine young lady.

Fie! fie! fie! for shame!
 Turn your back and tell your beau's name.
 (The girl must name her "beau.")

— — — 's a fine young man,
 He stands at the door with his hat in his hand,
 Down comes — — —, all dressed in white,
 A flower in her bosom, and herself so white.

Doctor, doctor, can you tell
 What will make poor — — — well?
 She is sick and like to die,
 And that will make poor — — — cry.

— — —, don't you cry,
 Your true-love will come by and by,
 Dressed in white and dressed in blue,
 And after a while she'll marry you.

Talcott Williams.

This rhyme furnishes a curious example of the continual admixture and degradation incident to children's songs. The essential feature is found in the third stanza, which condenses into three lines a history formerly much more elaborated; thus at the beginning of the century the verse went: —

He knocks at the door and picks up a pin,
And asks if Miss — is in.

"She neither is in, she neither is out,
She's in the garret a-walking about."

Down she comes, as white as milk,
A rose in her bosom as soft as silk.

She takes off her gloves and shows me a ring:
To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding begins.

The verse bears marks of antiquity. Instead of the words "picks up a pin," originally must have stood "pulls at the pin," according to ancient ballad phraseology. The idea of the story is not clear, but obviously refers to the reappearance of a long-lost lover; recognition is effected in the usual manner by means of a ring. The "garret" here takes the place of the "high-loft" in Scandinavian antiquity; the upper story, in every considerable house, contained the apartments of the family. According to what appears to have been an ancient practice, the ballad was preceded by a game-rhyme. The song, "Little Sally Waters," was used in this way in order to determine the heroine; the words, "Water, water, wildflowers," show a confusion resulting from this combination. In England, we find the line running, "Willy, willy, wallflower;" a Philadelphia variant has "Lily, lily, white flower." The fourth and fifth stanzas, again, belong to a separate game; it was an ancient piece of satire that the illnesses of young women were best treated by the prescription of a lover. Finally, the last lines belong to an old Halloween rhyme: —

And if my love be clad in gray,
His love for me is far away;
But if my love be clad in blue,
His love for me is very true.

(See "Games and Songs of American Children," Nos. 12, 13, 35, 36.)

W. W. Newell.

A DANCE-RHYME OF CHILDREN IN BROOKLYN, N. Y. — A circle having been formed, the children move slowly, singing as follows: —

Mamma bought me a pincushion, pincushion, pincushion,
Mamma bought me a pincushion,
One, two, three.

At the words, "One, two, three," the children break the circle; each claps hands and turns once round. (This movement appears to make the charm of the game.) The song then proceeds, with repetition, as in the first stanza: —